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The Kenyon Collegian.

VOL. I.

JULY, 1856.

No. VI.

EDITORS.

D. D. BENEDICT,

J. T. STERLING,

G. T. CHAPMAN,

F. D. TUNNARD.

THE RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D.D.

[Continued from page 136.]

THE voyage to New Orleans proved tedious and disagreeable. The brig *Thetis* was "driven by contrary currents across the Gulf Stream to the Florida shore," and forced to creep around the Tortugas. The chopping waves of the shallow seas of that course threw Mr. Chase into paroxysms of seasickness, and in after life he says of that trip—"nothing but the kind treatment of the captain, whose civility, even temper, and uncommon good sense, were acknowledged by all the passengers, could reconcile him to the evils of a *first voyage at sea*." He sailed from New York the 20th of October, and did not reach New Orleans until the 13th of the following month, November. At the English turn, some 14 miles below the city, while the brig was waiting for a change of wind, he disembarked, with a much esteemed friend, and walked up 10 miles, to the plantation of the Hon. B. P——, then Judge of the newly-ceded city of New Orleans. Of this his first visit in Louisiana, he thus writes:—"Never will the writer forget the civilities which he received from this most amiable family. The house was on the banks of the Mississippi, nearly four miles below the town, and seen distinctly from it. The gardens were well laid out, and divided with orange trees, then

bending with their golden fruit. The whole plantation seemed well conducted, and the owner, though recovering from an attack of fever, appeared happy. His kindness to the writer was in accordance with his general character; and soon were the courses marked out, and the ways and means provided, for the introduction of the first Protestant Minister that had ever preached in Louisiana."

His first impressions of Louisiana society were most delightful, and his subsequent history shows that these continued generally unimpaired. The first Sunday after his arrival, (Nov. 17th, 1805,) he celebrated divine service and preached in the *Principal*, to a numerous and highly respectable congregation of Americans, and on his return to his lodgings after service, found the following note on his table:—

"PROTESTANT MEETING, NOV. 16, 1805.

"*Resolved, unanimously*, That Mr. Chase receive the thanks of this meeting for the readiness and zeal he has displayed, in the early tender of his services as a minister to the New Orleans Protestant Church.

"*Resolved, unanimously*, That J. W. Provost communicate this resolution to Mr. Chase.

"Extract from the minutes,

"JAS. BRADFORD, Clerk."

On the following Wednesday the Vestry first met as a corporate body, and presented Mr. Chase with an invitation to take charge of the congregation until the 1st of May next, at the rate of \$2,000 per annum, and to be reckoned from the time he left New York. Mr. Chase declined the call on two grounds: 1st, the humiliating probation which it offered; and 2d, the ground of duty to his family. He could not gain his own consent to accept a condition of trial to the 1st of May, and it then to be a matter of uncertainty whether anything further would be done. "My excursion to this place," he added, "is considered by the congregation and institution of which I have the honor to be Rector and Principal, as a visit in obedience to the orders of my Bishop, and in the light of a temporary mission. In this way I left them, till they should see or hear from me again, which should be by the return of the vessel on which I embarked. If I were to give up thus,

my establishment, for an uncertainty, which would be in effect the case by too long delay, I should act contrary to the intention of the worthy gentleman by whose directions I came among you, and do perhaps a lasting injury to my dear family. To put this matter beyond the power of misapprehension, and to act with that candor which becomes our profession, I will take the liberty to state the conditions on which the business in question can be conducted and accomplished. If it please God, I will come and reside with you as permanent Rector of your Church, and as a Minister of the Gospel, and fulfill to the utmost of my power, the duties of that office, on the following terms, viz:—

“1st. That an annual salary of \$2,000, and a convenient and comfortable house, be granted me; the salary to commence from the time I left New York to come hither, and to include the time I shall necessarily be absent and on expense, in bringing my family, and in bidding adieu to my parents and friends.

“2d. That my induction take place agreeably to the forms already established in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. The Vestry have from this time to the sailing of the brig *Thetis* for New York, to make up their judgment.

“With every sentiment of esteem and friendship, I am, gentlemen, your obedient humble servant.

“PHILANDER CHASE.”

This communication of Mr. Chase was dated 22d Nov. On the 11th of December a communication was handed to him from the Vestry, explaining their delay, and inviting him to a permanent settlement among them on his own terms. Their delay was owing to their ascertaining upon what pecuniary resources they could rely. To this call of the Vestry Mr. Chase returned the following answer:

“NEW ORLEANS, December 12th, 1805.

“TO THE WARDENS AND VESTRYMEN OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH
IN NEW ORLEANS:

“Mr. Chase presents his respectful compliments to the Wardens and Vestrymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New Orleans—acknowledges the receipt of their letter of

the 11th instant—accepts the call therein contained, and will interchange articles of agreement as may suit the convenience of the Vestry.”

A committee of the Vestry soon called to close the arrangement with Mr. Chase; but on examining the Act of Incorporation of the Parish, he found grave objections to a permanent settlement under that instrument, and at his request the final arrangement was for the present postponed. In the Act the Minister was designedly excluded from the Vestry—deprived of the right *ex officio* of being chairman of the Vestry, and of any participation in its affairs, and besides it contained no definite recognition of any official connexion between the parish and the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

The following letter from Mr. Chase to the Vestry will explain his objections to their Act of Parochial Incorporation:

“TO THE WARDENS AND VESTRYMEN OF CHRIST CHURCH, NEW ORLEANS:

“Gentlemen,—Since my last communication to the Vestry, several things have occurred to my mind, which, now their committee have done me the honor of calling on me for the purpose of interchanging articles of agreement, I think proper to offer to the board, by way of apologizing for not immediately complying with their wishes.

“There are some particulars in the Act under which the Vestry are a body corporate, which are not altogether so agreeable to the ancient usages of the Church as I could wish all things to be in a congregation with whom I am to make an agreement to spend probably the remainder of my days, and whose proceedings, being the first in the territory, will be considered as models for all succeeding corporations.

“1. The act above mentioned is so worded, and I understand has been so interpreted by the Vestry, as to exclude the Clergyman from being a chairman, or, indeed, as having any thing to do with the Vestry; and may, I think, with equal propriety, be so construed as to render the name of *Rector* not only a nominal but an inconsistent title. This, in my opinion, is in no respect agreeable to ancient usage.

“2. The time of election of Church officers is, by that instrument, fixed on the *first of May*, whereas it has ever been the Monday or Tuesday in Easter week.

"3. The Wardens, by the said act, are to be chosen from among and by the Vestrymen. The usages of the Church require that they be chosen by the congregation immediately preceding the choice of the Vestrymen.

"4. The name and style, or title, is not such and so specific as to ensure an orthodox communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church.

"If in these instances a favorable alteration can be obtained, I believe that the peace and prosperity of the church, not only here, but throughout the territory, would be better secured, the customs of the primitive Christians more respectfully observed, and the end of my coming here as an Episcopal Clergyman, more fully answered.

"Should the Vestry think proper to petition for, and obtain from the lawful authority, these alterations, they may rely on a prompt attention to the exchanging of proper articles of agreement from their sincere friend and very humble servant,

"PHILANDER CHASE."

We have thus far, even at the risk of tediousness, been particular in detailing the history of Mr. Chase's settlement as Rector in New Orleans. The records of that occurrence in his life furnish the first evidence we have been able to find of features in his character which at a subsequent period led to his withdrawal from the Presidency of Kenyon College and the Episcopate of the Diocese of Ohio—namely, a fearless advocacy of his rights as he understood them, and a determination at all hazards to support them!

It was his sacred right, he believed, to be the head of the Vestry of his Church, and unless this were conceded he had determined to retire from New Orleans, although on account of the declining health of his beloved wife, he was exceedingly anxious to remain. The Vestry, for reasons which are not stated, did not reply to this candid and able statement of his objections to a settlement among them upon the conditions of their act of incorporation, until April 2d, 1806. On that day he received the following communication:

"NEW ORLEANS, April 2d, 1806.

"TO THE REV. MR. CHASE:

"Sir,—I beg leave to communicate to you the proceedings

of the Wardens and Vestry, at a meeting held on the 22d of March.

"A letter being read from the Rev. Mr. Chase—'The Vestry have no objections, and will endeavor to gratify him in what he asks, provided his continuance as minister still depends on the congregation.'

"With much respect, I am, dear Sir, yours,

"JAS. C. WILLIAMSON, Secretary."

They may have indulged hopes that his success in securing the attendance upon his ministry of a large congregation, and his flattering prospect of a pleasant field of labor and delightful home in New Orleans, would induce him from persisting in urging what he conceived were his rights as a Minister, and his duty as the first minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Louisiana, to see that all things were done in conformity with the usages of his church. But the following reply will explain what his views still were upon the subject:

"NEW ORLEANS, April 2, 1806.

"TO THE WARDENS AND VESTRYMEN OF CHRIST CHURCH, NEW ORLEANS:

"Gentlemen,—A transcript of a resolution of your board of the 22d ultimo, was this day communicated to me by your Secretary, Mr. Williamson. In answer to which I beg leave to observe, that if I adhere to determinations which I have never ceased to entertain, I shall not become the Rector of the Church in this city, but with all such privileges as are enjoyed by all other Rectors in communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

"The paper which I have already transmitted to the Secretary, Mr. Williamson, contains the *proposed alterations* in your act of incorporation, by which an establishment of a Rector on these principles can be accomplished.

"If a desire still remains of constituting me Rector of Christ Church in the city of New Orleans, the Vestry will petition and obtain such alterations; if not I must, however reluctant, *depart*, I hope *in peace*, with such compensation for the sacrifices I have made as the Vestry shall think proper.

"I am, gentlemen, your friend and humble servant,

"PHILANDER CHASE."

It is not unlikely that the ecclesiastical despotism of Rome, which was rife in New Orleans when Louisiana was ceded to the United States, induced upon the American Protestants a jealousy of their own ministry, and led them to seek by their act of incorporation of the first Protestant religious association in New Orleans, to exclude the Minister from all participation in the temporalities of the parish. But whatever were their views upon this subject, and the grounds of their hesitancy to yield to Mr. Chase's becoming remonstrance, now that they found that it was his settled purpose to retire from the parish unless his requests were promptly and fully conceded, they immediately met and yielded every point which he required.

There is one particular in the arrangement which Mr. Chase made with the Vestry of Christ Church, New Orleans, to which we would call the especial attention of our readers, as an evidence of his forethought and wisdom. It has often happened that a vestry has refused to pay any arrearages of salary which their predecessors left unpaid to their Rector, and to guard against any loss of this kind Mr. Chase proposed that there should be on the part of the Vestry a written obligation made to him, and officially signed by the Vestry, securing to him his salary, as well as a written obligation on his part to fulfill the duties of his office. By this arrangement there was no room left for any misunderstanding between them, and his salary was secured. The value of this prudential obligation we shall by and by see.

Having now performed to his satisfaction his preparatory mission to New Orleans,—secured an organization of an Episcopal parish there, in perfect accordance with the usages of his church, and a competent support, he returned to Poughkeepsie, New York, for his family.

In June, 1806, after an absence of nearly seven months, he had the heartfelt pleasure of finding his beloved wife, through great care and the Divine blessing, as well able to take out-door exercise as when he left for New Orleans, and with sufficient strength to encounter the fatigues of a journey to Vermont and New Hampshire, to bid adieu to her relatives and friends. The first month in Autumn had passed before they returned from that delightful, and yet in some respects

painful visit, and reached New York to embark for their new home in the sunny south. Mrs. Chase's apprehensions of an early separation by death from her dear family, were so keen that they left both their children, George and Philander, at their uncle's, Judge Chase, of Vermont, and as they bade farewell, the general impression was that the mother had seen her dear boys for the last time, and that for the last time she was now to look upon the mountains and hills of her beloved New England, and that her grave, ere long, would be opened on the banks of the Mississippi. In a brief notice which Mr. Chase has left of their visit to Hopkinton, New Hampshire, and to Boston, we find an incident which shows that there was much ground for Mrs. Chase's apprehensions and the fears of her friends. "It was on the 1st of September, 1806, the warmest day ever noticed, when the writer, with his beloved wife, wound his way under the hills by the side of that beautiful stream, White River, on his way through Hanover, the site of Dartmouth College, and thence through the evergreen woods and rocks, to Hopkinton, New Hampshire. Here he baptized his nephews, the sons of B—— C——, and thence proceeded to Boston. At a sweet little village, a short day's ride before he came to Haverhill, on Merrimack River, he stopped for the night; and here it was that his wife was seized with one of those seemingly fatal symptoms of her complaint, a copious bleeding from the lungs." Through the skillful treatment of a Doctor Ketteredge, Mrs. Chase, under the Divine blessing, received instantaneous relief. After expressing his gratitude to this gentleman, Mr. Chase remarked—"What a blessed profession that must be which imitates the Saviour of a sick and dying world, in doing good and healing the wounds of our afflicted nature."

Their stay in Boston was short, but during that short visit Mr. Chase had the distinguished honor of being received as a visitor by the *Johnsonian Club* of that city. "They met then," he writes, "at Judge Dawes'; and there he saw the Elliots, the Dexters, and the Warrens of the day, most amiable in their manners and learned in their converse. These ornaments of their country are now nearly all passed off the stage of life." He adds, "whether their places be supplied by men of equal worth, others must judge."

His furniture and an ample supply of choice provisions were already packed and at New York when Mr. and Mrs. Chase reached the city to embark for their new home; but the brig *Friendship*, by which he had arranged to sail and ship his furniture, &c., was already *cleared*, so he left these to be shipped after him by the next vessel for New Orleans, the *Polly Eliza*, and carrying in his arms his beloved wife, now greatly prostrated by disease, he went on board the *Friendship*. Having a fair and a stiff breeze, she was soon out at sea, and promised a rapid passage to the Emporium of the Mississippi.

[To be Continued.]

“SONETTA.”

BY HENRY G. PERRY.

DEEP in the precincts of the heart,
Lies hid a fount mysterious,
Beyond the ken of cunning art
To tell, 'tis gay or serious;
Anon it gushes merrily,
Yet none can tell,
Try how they will,
Whether 'tis sad, or verily
It brims with gladness beaming bright,
For be it sad, or glad and light,
Deep in the precincts of the heart,
So hides this fount mysterious,
'Tis all beyond the bounds of art,
To tell 'tis gay or serious.

THE TEACHER AND HIS VOCATION.

IN many of our cities are massive structures, above whose portals these words might well be written in golden characters—Dedicated to Education, the good Genius of America. They are temples where Devotees may offer their sacrifices of corn and oil and wine and wheat, of costly jewels and precious stones—temples where the rich man's presents and the widow's

mite are alike acceptable—temples whose oracles give to the anxious inquirer no unmeaning responses—temples where those who minister at the altar have a high and holy office to perform, who will execute it thoroughly, if inspired by the Presiding Deity. Next to him who, arrayed in the Christian panoply, is waging a deadly warfare against an archfiend—the noblest and ablest laborer for the good of humanity is the *teacher*—the noblest, because he develops God-given faculties whose growth time stays not, but eternity watches—the ablest, because he directs the powers of mind in such a manner as to secure the greatest amount of individual and national prosperity. All are not competent to instruct youth, but peculiar qualifications are demanded. A body free from disease which impairs energy—an intellect of mighty grasp—a power to analyze what is complex, and simplify what is intricate—skill in illustration—ability to unite theory with practice—a big heart, rich in sympathy—benevolence and forbearance tempered by wisdom—an ardent love for his profession and a high sense of the responsibility of his trust, should belong to every teacher—the whole being should be controlled by a will subject to an enlightened conscience. But what need is there of cultivated moral faculties in order to point out the beautiful harmony of Nature's laws? Great necessity—for the man who upon entering the domain of Cause and effect, keeps in view the First Cause of all things—who, while tracing the course of mighty Planets through the realms of space, looks with the eye of faith beyond the stars, and utters sincerely these words of inspiration, "The Heavens declare the glory of God and the Firmament sheweth his handiwork,"—who while classifying animals, beholds in their wonderful mechanism, however minute, the Omnipotent hand of the Great Architect—who sees in each rounded pebble, little leaf and tiny blade of grass, as well as in the jutting rock, the majestic tree, and meadows carpeted with verdure, the Hiding of God's Power. Who, in fine, looks at all things from a moral stand-point, can best understand the ideas and conceptions of the Creator—can most successfully discover and impart truth. An enlightened conscience is the subtle link that binds the finite to the Infinite. Again, Education consists not merely in improving the intellect—this is necessary, but religious training is indispen-

sable. Example puts its impress on the youthful mind as readily as one can stamp the letters of his name on melted wax; the former is as much more durable than the latter as mind is superior to matter. Hence the teacher should be especially qualified to show the difference between *meum et tuum*, the line of demarcation between right and wrong, innocence and guilt; this he cannot do effectually without possessing an educated moral sense.

Having taken this hasty view of the rank and qualifications of a teacher, consider for a moment his vocation's influence on himself. Look at yonder Barrister hurrying to his cell, where anxious days and sleepless nights are spent in studying briefs and poring over huge folios—there is at hand an important trial, upon the issue of which depends a client's life; reputation and others' happiness hang upon the lawyer's efforts; he must strain every nerve, bring into the field every intellectual battery; must toil though his head is racked with pain and his body needs rest; toil though health be sacrificed. This is the life of a successful attorney. He has no time to enjoy nature's beauties; no leisure hours to spend with those good old masters of English literature; none for social duties; no time to pray; but Fame and Wealth will be his reward—Fame when the laurel wreath crowns a head white with the snow of age; Wealth when disease prevents the gratification of even innocent desires; Happiness when death is at the threshold, when riches and a name are the only fruits of fifty years! Temptations fascinating, too often victorious, too often deadly, beset the lawyer on every side. Few, very few, pass through the fiery ordeal unharmed. Most, alas! attracted by artificial flowers, or following some Will o' the Wisp, turn from the straight path into by-ways, from whose mire and filth none rarely escape. Forbid that it should be said there are not brilliant exceptions—those who say to their worldly affairs thus far, but no farther; who cultivate the finer feelings of their nature, and glean from the rich fields of literature precious products; to whom the glorious Universe is the *Lex non Scripta*—the Bible the *Lex Scripta*; who deem law a Divine emanation; who are guided by the light of moral principle—a fixed star in the horizon of their hopes. It must however be confessed that the labors of an Attorney are all-engrossing;

this at least is their tendency. In striking contrast stands the teacher—one qualified in the manner described. He has leisure for recreation, improvement and travel; his heart is not the abode of excited passions, contending for the mastery. Wealth attracts him not: he is the guardian of treasures far more valuable than mines of gold or mountains of Kohinoor diamonds. Fame and Pomp, arrayed in tinsel robes, allure him not; his is a high position in the great amphitheatre of life, where the air is pure, where he can look down upon the gladiatorial combat going on below. Ambition may incite him to effort, but it is a holy ambition—"Powerful source of good." His countenance may be expressive of anxiety, but it breeds no trouble. Happiness blesses his days; at night approving conscience lulls him to sleep with the sweet music of her voice; Virtue with radiant face, Hope with beaming eye, and Duty of pleasing mien attend his waking hours. Does any one wonder that this is so? Wherefore? Think of his occupation. What is it? To assist minds tender as the young vine in learning the lessons of that Divine Teacher whose wisdom is infinite; lessons of the Creator, because Science and Religion are alike gifts of God. The Instructor's is a labor of love; the duties of his calling, ennobling, sanctifying.

Let us next inquire what is the Teacher's influence, socially, upon other occupations and professions, and on the country generally. A man of tried integrity, his sphere of usefulness is wide, his power over those around him great. There is however a peculiar bond which unites the Teacher and his neighbors: they have entrusted to his fostering care their jewels—jewels of the heart which love treasures. This tie renders the parents' friendship for their childrens' foster-parent pure and firm, makes the teacher's influence much stronger than that of most others in the community of which he is a member. Trusting friendship adds her power to virtue—they two work together for good, and happy results attend their labors. The application of Industry to Capital has for its object Production; whatever facilitates the former, increases the latter; in proportion to the amount produced can desires be gratified; hence we see individual and national happiness depends in a great measure upon such an application of labor to capital as will prove most productive. A

Teacher shows the various uses of natural agents: how skill and industry may most effectually be exerted; his influence therefore upon the various departments of labor is in the highest degree salutary. Some would say this cannot be, since a teacher's duties rather lead him *from* the busy marts of trade. An ignorant mind perceives no relation between the lightning's flash in the far off heavens and the magnetic transmission of thought. The professions owe the teacher a tribute of thankfulness—he is oftentimes the forerunner, and always the best assistant of the Minister; through his efforts go forth the ablest lawyers and physicians, while at the same time he is striving to do away with litigations and prescriptions by educating the masses. Liberty of conscience, liberty of speech, liberty of action, are the offspring of the teacher's influence on the nation at large: it renders every citizen a freeman; not the possessor of that miserable picture of freedom an image of which is fixed on the retina of every demagogue's eye, but a living, speaking, moving freedom—freedom not in the abstract, but in the concrete—freedom not ideal but real. In this connection it may not be amiss to say that such a form of government as ours cannot endure unless Intelligence and Morality sit by every hearthstone. Would that they had been the Penates of the Grecian and Roman, but they languished and died. History has recorded the midnight darkness which followed the meteors' flash. In order that they may be the household deities of Americans, there should be teachers of the right stamp laboring in every village and hamlet. Intelligence and morality widely diffused will alone prevent that which God has joined together from being sacrilegiously sundered. Many persons acknowledge that education is necessary, but they regard it with apathy, they look at it in the abstract, they do not consider a teacher of much importance, but deem him a kind of labor-saving machine; they give not honor to whom honor is due.

We have found that the teacher's profession is second to but one, that his qualifications should be of the highest order, that the influence of his calling strengthens his intellect, ennobles his feelings, that his sphere of usefulness is continually widening, and his situation such that his powers of mind can increase so as to be commensurate with duty, that his influ-

ence, socially, upon other occupations and professions, and on the nation at large, is life-giving. If this be the case, what conclusions force themselves upon our minds—are they not these? Good teachers should be multiplied—the compensation should be such as to command the greatest talent—parents should coöperate as much as possible with instructors—government should require by law every child within its jurisdiction to attend school punctually, it should afford every legitimate assistance to those whose exertions will place the government on an immovable basis. The whole duty of man to God and his fellow-man is embraced in three simple words—We must Educate. We must educate our souls if an eternity of happiness is desired. We must educate our minds if good is to be done through our instrumentality during time's fleeting moments. The rich few must be educated—there is no royal road to piety and knowledge. The ragged million must be educated—they have immortal precious souls—beneath rags oftentimes there beat hearts whose surfaces may be hardened by attrition with poverty and suffering—worldly strata—but in whose depths abide feelings of love, affection, and sympathy, that want an outlet—a tattered hat often covers a head whose fine proportions might serve for a Sculptor's model—a head which betokens latent intellect that the world needs. Much has already been accomplished by teachers and the friends of education generally: much however yet remains to be done. God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." After this command had been obeyed our world, which was then but a chaotic mass, was transformed into a beautiful garden teeming with life. Let first the light of knowledge shine forth brilliantly, the darkness which broods over the moral world will be quickly dispelled, disorder will give place to harmony, and man will regain somewhat of his primeval state. Knowledge is the mainspring of moral action. Speed on then ye champions of a righteous cause, confidently trusting in the Great Teacher. Rest not, rest not, until every pauper house, every jail, every penitentiary, every lunatic asylum, has been changed into a church or school-house; until every gallows, wanting victims, has been utterly demolished; until books are unsealed volumes to the many, many thousands, who know not how to read. Bring light to the cavern where ignorance

gropes. Storm all the strongholds of Vice, who forges fetters for the soul's enthrallment, and gloats over shackled victims. Try every pass, and let your clarion voices be heard far up the heights shouting "Excelsior!" "Excelsior!" your noble battle cry.

YES OR NO.

When of a man I ask a question,
I wish he'd answer yes or no,
Nor stop to make some smooth evasion,
And only tell me, may be so.

I always doubt the friendly meaning,
Of well, perhaps, I do not know—
When for a favor I am suing,
I'd rather hear the answer, no.

When of a friend I wish to borrow
A little cash—to hear him say,
I've none to-day, but on to-morrow,
Is worse than if he told me nay.

Why all this need of plastering over,
What we in fact intend to show,
Why not at once with much less labor,
Say frankly, yes, my friend, or no?

I from my soul despise all quibbling,
I'll use it not with friend or foe—
But when they ask, without dissembling,
I'll plainly answer yes or no.

WILLIE

THE OLD OAKEN CHEST.

[Continued from page 143.]

THERE'S many a man who makes it a point, as often as the morning returns, to shake hands with the Devil before breakfast, and who concludes the day by giving a twitch at his door bell, which is answered by a troop of grinning and ghastly goblins, who come to diversify their victims' dreams with

pungent foretastes of brimstone, and by shouting such words as he who sang "Of man's first disobedience," puts into the mouth of the Chief of Fallen Angels:

"Hail, horrors, hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heav'n of hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in Heaven."

I was much amused a few mornings since, in passing one of the rooms below stairs, at the singular conduct of a young gentleman who hangs out a shingle lettered "Richard De Courcey, Attorney at Law." His father died leaving him a handsome estate, which he has spent like the prodigal, in riotous living. He had set his heart upon a lovely young heiress, and had resolved to appeal to a miserly old uncle for the needful to keep up appearances, and carry on his suit. At the time of which I speak he was evidently rehearsing for the onset. There he stood before a mirror, a gold headed rattan in one hand, and a slouched Spanish beaver in the other, addressing his own image:—"Hem—h-e-o-i-c—dem it, that todgy's ra-ther stiff. H-e-o-i-c—good morning uncle Thomas, *hic*, and *haec*, and *Hock!*" "Dick, you vagabond, is that you?" "I just called, uncle, to say that misfortune, in all my schemes, has nearly broke—h-e-o-i-c—me, and I am in great need of a little *pe-hoz'c*-cuniary assistance." "Don't talk to me, you scamp, of money!" "But, my good uncle, you know I stand in a fair way of retrieving my losses. I only want a thousand—*hic*—or two, to continue my suit to Miss Angelica Golden. Refuse me, and I'm ru-hu-ined in heart and purse. Put your signature to this paper for the small sum of five thousand, and as soon as Angelica rejoices in the romantic name of De Courcey, the principal, and twenty per cent., you know"——

"The D—ll" I shouted, and scampered up stairs, leaving the gallant De Courcey to discover that his outer door was ajar, to echo the termination I had made to his speech, and at the same time to bring the door to with such a slam as to call down a square yard of plaster from the ceiling, upon his devoted head.

Excuse me, dear Reader, for my seeming irreverence. Some people cannot endure sound doctrine. The name of his Evil Majesty calls up so many remembrances of evil communications with the Prince of Darkness, that his name, as often as it is uttered in plain Saxon, sounds like a stinging reproach. I, Pardon Oddeye, have had, in my day, enough to do with him. I was once ambitious. I aspired to the highest office in the gift of the citizens of my native town. I became the Mayor of Puckwuddi. I had my thousand a year; whereas my office of Justice of the Peace, which I held up to that eventful period, only yielded about two hundred. To arrive at the honorable post of Mayor, although I was pronounced the honestest, if not the handsomest, man in Puckwuddi, I had to advance a round five hundred to buy liquor and votes; and then during the year another five hundred, to procure turkeys and champagne for the aldermen; to say nothing of being called upon by my constituents to defray the expenses of his excellency the President and suite, at the Shuffleboatham Hotel, where they tarried three nights, being engaged in the day time in whipping the river which gives name to our beautiful city, for trout. I went out of office a bankrupt, after having been compelled to shake hands with the Devil for three months to get in, and as a good politician, and a whole-souled man, to continue shaking hands with him as long as I wore the cocked hat, which from the earliest days has been the insignia of Mayoralty in Puckwuddi.

Dear Reader, you are young and have much to learn. Beware of shaking hands with the Devil. It was the sage advice of Simeon Scripsit. It is now the counsel of Pardon Oddeye. You will find much of this evil in the world. You will hear your fellows say that might is right. They who act on such a principle, shake hands with the Devil. You will see the man who resolves to be rich at all hazards, driving hard bargains with the poor; the lawyer taking half the recom-

pense of his injured client as his fee; the holder of a bond seizing, at half its value, his neighbor's property; the malicious heaping wrongs and insults on the injured and unfortunate. You shall see successful sharpers and villainy courted, and honest poverty passed by in scorn. Where will you see all this? Among such as hold intercourse with the Devil. I have sometimes thought I could see, among those who are called to "allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way," a disposition to dally with this evil personage. I know the clergy often have "a hard row to hoe." Indeed one preacher of my acquaintance, a man who abounded in "faith and works," confessed not long since he had rather "a hard row to hoe, and small pay, and hard pay at that,—*three hundred a year in green beach-wood, the balance in potatoes and cabbages.*" I honor that preacher, for he said he couldn't stand it, and couldn't stay with his beloved parishioners any longer. But when I see the prim parson, in bright broadcloth and starched cravat, with gold watch and chain, pronounce emphatically that he'll not show the way to Heaven, to say nothing about leading the way, until a fat salary is told out in round dollars, I cannot help thinking that, if he is not shaking hands with the Devil, he is at least grubbing after "the root of all evil."

The Chest? Dear Reader, were you inquiring after that? Really, I have an engagement five miles in the country, to dine with Aunt Shuffleboatham, and only one hour before dinner time. Reader, give us your hand. That's the grip of our family. You are "one of 'em." Had I met that grip in the midst of Egyptian darkness, I would have pledged my right eye that you were no "lean Cassius." There are no cool calculations going on in your broad bosom. You have a hand, and a right good thumping heart in it. You have no faith in shaking hands with the Devil, any more than Simeon Scripsit had. Peace and farewell, dear Reader.

PARDON ODDEYE, Esq.,

Puckwuddi.

LETTER TO EPIDÆMUS.

KENYON, June 1st, 1856.

MY DEAR EPIDÆMUS:—

With all the boldness of friendship, I anticipate the joy this letter will bring you, not on its own account—how can my words, either as embodying thought or expressing style, possess any power of pleasing for one who himself, no flattery believe me, is keeper of this much-sought charm?—but the same friendship by which in this case I am gifted with prophecy, will, when you see my writing, make you think of the hand that traced it, and these lifeless words breathe over your spirit the warmth of the writer's feelings.

You request me to dwell more particularly upon the history of my mind, for, say you, that is the most abiding friendship which is unreservedly confiding. I shall do so as modestly as I can, remembering that it would be alike against the laws of taste and friendship, to occupy a large space on this topic. How is it, that although so young a man, I sometimes feel a little degree old? I am startled to find myself so serious and profound, and compelled to ask my curious mind, Is this as it should be? How came you into this sober, shaded path? Why linger here as though you had walked in it all your lifetime? Is not a speculative disposition cold and unsympathizing? Better to be cheerfully acting, than calmly theorizing. Are you not anticipating your powers? Have you not cast off the youth's garb too soon? So I question. And then, my mind answers more readily and plainly than I expected. This is the course towards which all minds tend,—your mind has reached it a little sooner than those of others. Fear not, here there is light as well as shade, in this light my vision is more acute than in any other. I linger here because it is most like the path I was accustomed to frequent before coming to dwell in your body. Take me not away, I would not follow other minds which are driven far off from the course so akin to their natures. What you complain of as being cold and unsympathizing, is only the stillness of study, and the problem for meditation is that of which Juvenal says, "*Ecælo descendit —græci stantur;*" this will help you to read other minds and warm towards other hearts. Did Cicero, when writing his

beautiful essay on old age, deem it improper for youth to be in any manner like unto this advanced period of life?" Read over again, and commit to memory these words, "Ut enim adolescentem, in quo senile aliquid, sic senem, in quo est adolescentis aliquid, probo." I know not whether these answers would satisfy a logician; but not being, as yet, so hard-featured and hard-hearted a creature, they entirely satisfy me. I am curious to know whether the same pursuits and scenes, similarly affect different minds—tell me, then, were you ever in the habit of reasoning and feeling thus?

By this time you are convinced that you have ceased to be a student professionally, and are in reality a member of society; I purposely omit the common adjective, *busy*; I wish higher things for you than simply this, and would rather write *useful*, or *good* member. "Busy" expresses nothing very determinate; it might mean being active about trifles; the latest fashions; the newest play, of which you may be a critic; the coming boat-race, in which you will exhibit your skill and strength; the anticipated ball at Lady B.'s, where beauty and wit unite to wreath the flying hours with garlands (withering at the best!); or, it might mean, I hesitate before writing it, busy to kill time, which is forcibly included in two words of Horace, "*strenua inertia*;" or, again, busy making money, how startlingly full of meaning it is in this sense! here are early risings, hurried goings out to the store or office, impatient looking for traders, nicely handled speculations, in which the speculator always contrive to be on the profitable side, close dissections of account books—see now how steadily the pen follows down that long row of figures, every movement, as it were, a closer approach to the goal, how fixed and wonderfully wise is that brow, as the calculation proceeds; this continues unaltered through the fresh morning, hot noon, and late into the evening, when, weary in body, and spiritless, he returns home, but the man has been too busy to long for this return, and of course it is only a common-place event; a short space passes, during which the day's losses and gains are enumerated in his mind, to the exclusion of the innocent attractions around him, and still too busy to be social, he retreats to sleep—a sly way for putting the hand of the clock forward for the hastening of the morning; in short, being "busy," is the

plain English for being actively selfish, a crime, thank heaven, of which you never were guilty. Yes, my friend, you have gone into the world, and left me here under the shadow of these venerable walls. You are working, I am meditating—need I ask which is the better? Would that you were here, as in past days! Why should I have all this enjoyment to myself? The pleasures I possess make your absence more deeply felt; and when the contrast of our positions presents itself to my mind, a contrast in which there is on the one hand dust and toil, and care, and on the other leisure and repose, I feel half inclined to grumble with the Fates for so unequal a division; only *half* inclined mind, for I consider that as I now do, so you once walked these same paths, rested under these inviting shades, and read from the very page which affords me instruction and delight, that when your longing to be a useful man lead you into public ways, the remembrance of scholastic days followed you, and that, even at this moment, perhaps, wearied with honorable labor, you retreat to these pleasant thoughts as to a favorite arbor, to enjoy an hour's repose. My dear friend, rest and dream! to you it will be the living over of the past, its happy pursuits and high hopes; to me, it will be, even at this distance, enjoyment reciprocated, and—do not laugh—exceedingly flattering and excusing, for I tell you in a whisper, I am an inveterate sleeper and dreamer.

Your faithful

IDOMEUS.

THE SILVER LEGS.

—
WRITTEN FOR THE KENYON COLLEGIAN BY NO. 16.

—
MYNHEER VON WADENBLOCK, the wealthiest merchant of Rotterdam, had the misfortune to mutilate both of his legs by a fall, in such a manner that amputation remained as the only alternative to save his life. To supply the deficiency of such necessary limbs, was naturally the object of a man of such business and importance to a city. Accordingly he sent for Mr. Ezechiël Turingvoort, the most celebrated and ingenious mechanic of Europe.

Soon Turingvoort, very modest and unassuming in his appearance, entered the richly furnished apartment of the wealthy burgher, and was graciously received by its owner.

"Turingvoort," cried Mynheer von Wadenblock. You have undoubtedly heard of my misfortune. To accommodate myself better to my fate, I ask of you to construct for me a pair of legs. Task your ingenuity to the utmost. They must be nicely proportioned and gracefully moveable."

Turingvoort bowed.

"Your Cork, Wooden, Leather things, I cannot endure," continued Wadenblock, "I must have Silver Legs."

Turingvoort again answered with a bow.

"Take for the beginning these bars of silver. If there arises need for more, come and get it without hesitation, the expense is of no consequence."

Again Turingvoort bowed profoundly, and assured Von Wadenblock that he would complete the piece of mechanism in a short time, and that he would bring him a pair of elegant, antiring legs.

Upon a very beautiful evening, the skillful artist made his appearance at the house of Mynheer von Wadenblock with a package neatly and carefully wrapped up. The next morning, at an early business hour, the respectable Burgher stepped proudly forth from his house, and walked down the principal street with sure and regular footsteps. On his way praising the usefulness of the arts, and especially the Artist who was the possessor of talents to construct such wonderful legs.

Happy, with smiling countenance, he arrived at the Stadthouse. Here he met an old friend, Mynheer Filips Maneflanwe vonder Qunedertintelekerkdoorbumblere, who stood still at the foot of the stairs leading to the main entrance, to greet his coming friend. Von Wadenblock eagerly stretched forth his hand when yet at a considerable distance, but nevertheless quickly passed by his friend without even for a moment interrupting his march. Filips gazed after him in astonishment. Von Wadenblock, horror-stricken, became conscious that he was unable to guide his steps; nay, had not even the power to stay the progressive propensity of his wonderful limbs—regular, mechanical, alternately turning to the right and to the left was their movement—one, two, three, turn to

the right; one, two, three, turn to the left. Inexpressible fear seized the man of affluence, he was himself wholly at the mercy of a dangerous, irresistible, yet senseless power. With almost heart-breaking anguish he watched his busy, untiring limbs; which he, without the aid of another, was not even able to unbuckle. He at length endeavored to hold himself fast to the pailings of a pump to call for assistance of those who were passing by. But the impetus of the complicated engine was so strong that Wadenblock, out of fear of losing his arms in the attempt, was obliged to release his hold, and onward continue his way. Arriving at the Leyden Canal, he beheld with joy the house of the mechanic. When yet at some distance he cried out, "Help! help!! help!!!" Turingvoort came to the window.

"Rascal!" cried Wadenblock, who was just swiftly passing by the window, "come down immediately and assist me; if you lose one moment, I shall be out of your reach, and your diabolical engine will carry me to the end of the world."

Pale and trembling, the artist came from his dwelling, and pursued the already far distant victim of his mechanism. Turingvoort was old, not prepared for such a call of activity, but notwithstanding he persevered, and was successful. With almost superhuman energy he clasped himself fast to Wadenblock; in an instant he touched two secret springs, when—forward rushed the mysterious legs, bearing the unhappy man on with a five times redoubled velocity. With lightning speed he seemed to fly rather than walk along the canal. Eight Fisherwomen, two corpulent Englishmen, a Milk-Donkey, and a drove of Sheep, which successively came in his way, were mercilessly knocked down—they were obliged to succumb to the mechanical four-horse power of one man's pedal extremities.

Turingvoort lay groaning upon the earth, anxiously gazing after the retreating form of the richest man of Rotterdam—who, before, a peaceful quiet man, was now rushing through the highways with frantic speed, heedless of obstacles, and gradually disappearing in the Holland mist. From a distance he heard a voice saying, "Turingvoort, thou art my murderer!"

Five miles distant from Rotterdam is the city of Leyben.

In a quiet dwelling in the main street of this city two maids, Miss Backschneider and Miss Legenstand were busily engaged in knitting, sipping their tea, and chatting over the occurrences of the day, when they beheld a man walking in the middle of the street, with more than ordinary speed. His face appeared livid, deadly pale, and he opened and closed his mouth with spasmodic endeavors; soon encountering a lantern post, he ran against it with such force as to tumble it to the earth with a crashing noise; then followed a rattling noise, similar to that occasioned by the winding of a chain pump—the pale man quickly turned and ran back in the direction he had come, with the same rapid, regular pace.

“Gott in Himmel!” exclaimed the maids in one breath, “was not that Mynheer von Wadenblock, of Rotterdam?”

The following day was the Sabbath, and the inhabitants of Harlem were on their way to church, when a thin, pale human form, a corpse, with a countenance ghastly and revolting to the sight, was swiftly striding across the market. The crowd retreated on both sides, dumb with fear, astonished to witness that the dead, in broad day light, should forsake their graves to walk among the living.

The dead body of the great Mynheer Wadenblock was in time propelled through all the towns and villages of Holland. Did this ever-moving, mysterious power, encounter any obstacles in its course, it was sure to turn and retrace its steps over again, until again meeting a wall, a house, or a gigantic tree, it was again forced to return by a power residing within.

The garments which Von Wadenblock had worn during his sojourn among the living, gradually decayed and fell off in rags, the various parts of his body separated. Occasionally, years after, a skeleton would make its appearance in the northern part of Europe. The last bones, piece by piece, were lost. The Silver Legs still continue their journey unwearied.

Turingvoort had discovered the “*perpetuum mobile*,” and the wheels of his wonderful piece of mechanism will never rest.

Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

PATROCLUS AND HIS FRIENDS.

[Enter ACRION and THALESTRIS.]

PAT. Welcome, my dear friends; to what am I indebted for this unexpected pleasure? I supposed you were at recitation.

THAL. So we would be were it not that the Tutor is indisposed; our natural sorrow on this account is somewhat lightened however, by the relief of being freed from recitation, as is that of mourners by the universal balm of a "handsome legacy."

Ac. When we add to this the opportunity of calling upon you, we can hardly regret the occasion affording it. Are we not having beautiful weather just now, with the little dicky birds singing around us, and all nature springing into renewed life?

PAT. The weather is very fine; your company is, however, much better than your pun, especially as, since the vacation I have enjoyed the privilege of seeing you but little; how did you pass the Spring recess, Thalestris?

THAL. Pleasantly enough; the most of the time I remained within the walls of our dear Alma Mater, drinking into my thirsty soul that nectar which the men of old have left us. On a warm evening after a day of toil, I would saunter forth with some companion, and turning my steps generally wood-ward, would wander, as free from care as the little birds above me, listening to "Young's Night Thoughts," or now humming the classical tune of "Nancy Dawson," and now stopping to inhale the fragrance of the sweet opening clover.

Ac. Oh, you scent-imental youth!

PAT. You say, Thalestris, that most of your time was spent here, were you away at all?

THAL. For a few days only. In that time, however, I had the pleasure of hearing a speech from a roaring Patriot, who lives not a thousand miles from here, who was thus making a beginning of the approaching canvass. When I saw him he was standing upon the steps of a country tavern, addressing some half a hundred free and independent electors before him. His coat was off, and his neck'erchief loosened, showing that he considered himself engaged in a serious piece of work. In his manner he imitated the ancient style of eloquence; and his "action," reminding one of a "perpetual motion," was terrific to behold;

the "*Supplōsis Pedis*," and "*Percussis frontis et Pectoris*," were as nothing to him ; if he were paid for his labor, his bread would certainly be earned with the sweat of his brow ; had his ability equalled his energy, he would then and there, like a second Sampson, have slain his opponents with the jaw-bone of an aspirant for office.

Ac. By the by, Patroclus, give me your opinion upon the "gown question,"—do you not think they are an improvement ?

PAT. For the present I prefer to suspend judgment ; I must confess that I am hardly convinced, either by the arguments or the appearance of the gown advocates ; I remember the story of the unfortunate fox and his incredulous companions, and am inclined to suspect their disinterestedness.

THAL. I suppose you know the origin of the gown, and why they were necessary. The same reason would not be good here, or even if it were, the paucity of gownsmen would render the advantage of no effect. In my opinion, the few who have already donned the new habit, look much like so many sheep in mourning among their whiter and more fortunate brethren.

Ac. I see you are both opposed to me, but you do not consider the question fairly. You cannot judge of the effect when *all* shall appear in the true scholar's toga, a noble little army of "Black Republicans !" The gowns are certainly an advantage on the score of economy, for one does not cost so much as a coat, and, even with the present "Shanghai" fashion, it will wear *longer* by at least a foot. Almost all professions have a distinguishing dress—Judges, Advocates, Physicians, Farmers, and—

THAL. And the inmates of the State's Prison !

Ac. Precisely. Now can any one say that we ought to be surpassed, even by the gentlemen of the State's Prison ?

PAT. Your argument is certainly ingenious, if not convincing ; but waiving that question, can either of you answer this riddle—What part of Niagara does the descent of the Freshmen into the bosom of the new Society resemble ?

THAL. I cannot tell, unless it be the "Horse Shoe Fall ;" but speaking of the Freshmen, I do not think we are accustomed to treat them with sufficient respect ; although undoubtedly verdant, many of them are very worthy youth indeed.

Ac. For my part, I think they are treated well enough ; were we to do more for them they would be spoiled ; it was being snubbed while I was a Freshman, that has made me what I am !

THAL. Experience is the mother of wisdom ! Your argu-

ment is conclusive; hereafter let us treat the Freshmen with no consideration at all!

PAT. What a series of excitements have we had thus far this term! Works of Internal Improvement! Phonography! Bed-bug Day! And finally, Convention! The first "nine days wonder" was Short-hand; what a number of ambitious youth enrolled their names, each anxious to hold between his fingers "the pen of a ready writer!"

THAL. For my part, I do not believe in it. The Greeks were the most famous nation of the world: they got along without Phonography, why should not we?

AC. I must say, Thalestris, although I have the highest regard for yourself, that I consider Phonography a very great and useful invention, and that I hold you (although a gentleman and a scholar), as well as all the Greeks from Jason, whose wits went wool-gathering after the Golden fleece, down to his last miserable descendant, to be utterly wanting in common sense.

THAL. Ah, cry on Brother! But since we disagree, let us change the subject.

PAT. Was not that an excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr. N——, the other day? By the by, is he a High Churchman?

THAL. About six feet and an inch, I should imagine. It is certainly very pleasing to have the Convention sit here, and I should suppose the members of it would be much gratified to become acquainted with our noble Faculty, for although they have Merry Andrews at their head, they have no buffoon. Can you tell me, Patroclus, who that is I see going up the path?

PAT. It is our new and popular Professor of Mathematics. For the old inhabitants of Gambier to see him return, I should think would be a glimpse of "Auld Lang Syne."

THAL. Ah! now I recognize him by his gait. By the by, is it not curious that many men have both a gate and a carriage, without possessing a fence for the one, or a horse for the other?

PAT. I have been pained, Thalestris, to observe a growing disposition in you to make most execrable puns; if you allow this habit to go on, you may never be able to correct it.

THAL. I do not think my puns deserve such harsh treatment; and besides, you have set me the example.

PAT. Any attempt to justify, can only aggravate your fault, for it shows a malice aforethought; Dr. Johnson agreed with me in considering it as the lowest species of wit, and I highly commend the action of the Faculty at Cambridge, who once set back

for one year an aspiring youth who, in an Examination, translated the sentence—

“The mighty Pan rose, dripping, from the ocean,”
thus,

“The mighty Dripping-Pan rose from the ocean.”

Puns may be divided into “good, bad, and indifferent.” The first are as rare as white black-birds. One of this sort was, however, accomplished the other day by a respectable Junior, who, from his superior wisdom, is called “Socrates.” His chum is naturally “Xantippe.” Now Xan. has a bad habit of saying continually, “Fiddle on it.” The other day Soc., gazing upon the threatening clouds, observed that it looked like rain. “Oh, fiddle on it!” said Xan., rather sharply, for she (he I mean) had intended to eat strawberries that afternoon with a pretty damsel on the Hill; “Yes,” the sage calmly replied, “we may perhaps fiddle on it if it rains with violence!”

THAL. Yes, that is pretty good, but I don’t think a bit better than many of mine. Brother Aerion, what have you done this term in a literary way?

Ac. For one thing, the other day I wrote the following epigram:

Truth, coming by here on a fair summer day,
Got down the old well, saying, “Here will I stay.”
Ah! little she knew of the Kenyonites’ meanness,
And dearly she paid for her jolly young greenness;
The people, on finding out where was the rover,
Threw all their spare dirt down, and covered her over!”

PAT. That is pretty fair, but surely you have not been six weeks in writing as many lines?

Ac. No: one day I versified the following comparison of that somewhat hacknied subject, Life; though dark, it is too true:—

Life may be likened to a game of euchre,
Play’d between gamblers and their sorry victim,
All, in their eagerness for dirty lucre,
Unite to prey on one until they’ve picked him,
When they fleece each other; but no rebuker
E’er comes between the fowler and his bird;
The winner, wins; the loser is unheard.

The “Jack of all trades” holds an “easy hand,”
And Kings and Queens are mingled in the strife;
Here, power’s held as with a “rope of sand,”
A other cuts it with insidious knife;
Now “Diamonds” rule; not oftentimes a “heart;”

"Clubs certes too," "Spades" play an humble part;
 But with the cards, or in the game of life,
 Whate'er we do, whatever names we call,
 It still is true—THE KNAVES ARE LORDS OF ALL.

The world's composed of knaves and simple fools,
 That is to say, of "anvils and of hammers;"
 'Tis much more pleasant to make others tools;
 So let's go on, despising people's clamors;
 The world's a grist-mill, let him who can, grind most,
 Each for himself, the D—I take the hindmost.

PAT. If "thems your sentiments," you had better not express them, or Mrs. Grundy will be after you with a sharp stick.

AC. I dare the old lady to do her worst. I once gave my reputation into her keeping, and she made way with it; since then I have become reckless, and can say with Shakspeare (slightly altered to suit the "exigencies of the case"):

Who steals my name steals trash,
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands,
 But he who filches from me my *Porte-monnae*,
 Takes that which makes him seven dollars richer,
 But leaves me poor indeed.

THAL. Pshaw, man! you must have had a most doleful fit of the dumps, to make you see things with such distorted vision. Let us hope you may soon recover a sound mind; *Patroclus*, what have you written lately?

PAT. Really, nothing; I have thought, however, of contributing to the next "*COLLEGIAN*" the following, which I composed last Summer; give me your opinion on it.

THE STREET ORGAN.

[WRITTEN IN THE CITY, DURING THE DOG-DAYS.]

This is the street Organ. From top to bottom,
 For a small curtain, rises the green baize,
 And just behind, (I wonder where he got 'em,)
 The glories of a Puppet show displays.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and screechy,
 When the old grinder touches those shrill keys,
 While with his voice(?) at pitch he scarce can reach, he
 Still tries to sing, in vain attempt to please.

I hear even now the dolorous long chorus,
 The cries of music in one endless groan,
 Which through the streets he has traversed before us,
 In long reverberations reach our own;

The tumult of each long suffering village,
 The squeal that every prayer for mercy drowns,

The beggar's revel in the midst of pillage,
The wail of women in beleagured towns.

I hear a colored boy, who, with his banjo,
Begins a tune that wakens all my fears,
While his companions, Tom, Jack, Jim, Bill and Joe,
Aid and abet him to assail my ears.

The Scotchman's bag pipe, the Switzer's hurdygurdy,
And each accompanied by minstrel's song,
Tho' in his vigorous efforts to be heard, he
Make poorer music than a breakfast gong.

Is it, O man! with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the terrestrial harmonies?

Were half the money which annually sunk is
Upon such things, bestowed on Sunday schools,
Instead of dancing-dogs and dirty monkeys,
There were no need of poor men or of fools.

The grinder's name would be a name abhorred,
And every beggar that should lift again
His hand upon an organ, on his forehead
Would feel the mark of an avenging cane.

There! for a blessing, sounds the bell for dinner!
And as the minstrels eat, their voices cease;
While to the ears of a most grateful sinner,
Comes a sweet half-hour of unusual peace.

THAL. With regard to that I can only say—

"Mediocribus esse poetis

Non Dii, non homines, non consessere columae."

Ac. For a parody it is tolerable, but hardly good enough for our Magazine, which is undoubtedly at the head of all similar publications in this country.

PAT. It is no doubt an honor to the College, to its age, and the country; I heartily agree with you in your estimate of its merits, although your judgment may err with regard to my Poem. But what sound is that? listen!

Ac. It is the Prayer-Bell, the hour has passed very pleasantly. We shall be tempted to call again, shall we not Thalestris? Although for the present we must depart,—waiting one moment, however, for brother David to give us his Benediction.

Editors' Table.

At a meeting of the present Editors, JOHN LEITHEAD, of Uniontown, Pa., JAS. E. HOMANS, of New York City, T. H. MACOUGHTRY, of Jefferson Co., Va., and R. G. HOLLAND, of Cork, Ireland, members of the Senior Class of '57, were chosen to conduct the Editorship of the COLLEGIAN for the coming year.

Dear Readers, the time has come for us to make our parting bow, and we cannot close our connection with this Magazine without saying a few words of farewell. For six months we have occupied the Editorial tripod; and when we recall with what diffidence and self-distrust we launched our little bark upon the great sea of Literature, as day after day has glided by, and the gentle breeze of prosperity has filled her sails, causing her to speed joyfully and successfully over the waves, we experience a feeling of gratitude for those who kindly lent us their assistance in our youthful enterprise, encouraging and helping us on by a prompt response to our appeal, and who smiled their approval upon our efforts, freely repaying us for all our labors, and more than meeting our most sanguine expectations. Our task, if task it may be called, has been one of pleasure as well as of instruction; and now that our College course has drawn to a close and we are soon to pass from beneath the shadow of Kenyon's Classic Halls, to engage in the active business of the world, we must bid farewell to our Sanetum with all its rich associations. No longer will we gather about that table, with faces elongated by profundity of thought, but the temple will become desolate, the fire will go out upon the altar, and our mantle will descend upon the above named members of the next Senior Class, whom we recommend to your kind indulgence and favor. And in yielding up our trust we feel perfectly confident that they will carry on the work committed to their charge with eminent success, as they bring to the task high talents, extensive attainments, and indomitable perseverance. We speak for them, dear Readers, your perfect confidence; and from the beginning which has been made, we doubt not that the COLLEGIAN, under their fostering care, will plume her wings to yet higher flights, and hold a high position among the College Magazines of the present-day.

As all pleasant things must have an end, so is it in the case of our editorial labors; but no matter where we may be, no matter in what scenes we may engage, we will ever remember, with the liveliest feelings of pleasure, your kind indulgence; and ever recall, as one of the bright periods in our College career, our connection with the KENYON COLLEGIAN, and as we depart we wish her every success and prosperity, and will always be ready to give her what little assistance may be in our power. And now, kind Readers, we must bid you farewell.

MIRABILE DICTU! What flowers of rhetoric! What tremendous logic! What powers of analysis! What bold flights of the imagination! What withering sarcasm, and paradoxical as it may appear, what touching pathos! In fine, what a pusillanimous attempt at something completely overwhelming! What a labored fizzle at entire annihilation! Surely our bilious Marietta friends, whose pap has been acidulated by light reflected from their mirrors, do not believe in a future state, else they would not be so "unpretty," as to

aim at the utter destruction of poor unfortunates. The last squib of the Æolian Band, which was ground pointless in a cranky machine turned by several small boys with bibs on, and fed by sundry obsolete Dictionaries, reminds us of a description of the seventh sphere. There, in the serenity of beatific profundity, seraphic intelligences perforated the cerulean canopy with their alarian propulsions. Magnanimous appendages fluttered during the diurnal and nocturnal revolutions of the pendulatic hour-warder-regulator. Gigantic hurdy gurdies pealed forth their toesonian achievements in acoustics. Street organs freighted the vesperian breezes with mellifluous notes of caustic-ejaculations. Sundry fantastic forms, in the similitude of the illustrious descendants of Adam's puerile attempts, performed gelatinous aerostatic evolutions, and caused capita to follow pedes in successive continued resiliations, like a bob-tailed pussy-cat turning with lightning rapidity in search of something which was, but now is not.

FOURTH OF JULY was, as usual celebrated by the patriotic Sons of Kenyon. The little Growler awoke peaceful citizens from coveted repose. During the day, fire-crackers popped, while serpents squirmed and fizzled. In the evening, embryotic "Sovereigns," bearing flaring torches, paraded through the principal streets, to the great delight of admiring rustics. Speeches, replete with "our forefathers, who sacrificed their lives," "the time that tried men's souls," "the spirit of '76," and the "glorious Union," were made, and received with unbounded applause. If brevity is the soul of wit, some of the Orators were determined not to be witty. Unmindful of the hub-bub they thought a crisis was at hand. The greatest men often err. Everything was capitally arranged, and passed off to the satisfaction of all. About eleven o'clock, P. M., Young America retired to rest, and most persons concluded that the country was safe.

MONDAY, July 7th, will long be remembered in the annals of Kenyon College. The Nephew and Grandson of the great and good man from whom our Alma Mater received her name, came from Britain's distant Isle to visit our classic Hill, where they received a warm and enthusiastic welcome. The College was brilliantly illuminated—some of the windows being decorated with armorial and heraldic representations, appropriate to the occasion, and reflecting great credit upon those originating and preparing them. Speeches and good wishes were uttered, and the whole affair passed off in a manner creditable to the Students, and highly gratifying to the distinguished visitors.

QUERY FOR NATURALISTS.—Are not nimble, healthy, though "half-developed tad-poles," infinitely superior to sluggish, diseased, blear-eyed, miserable frogs?

Have the last mentioned animals wings? If so, why don't they fly away, and not make night hideous with their infernal croakings?

WE have on our table the June and July Nos. of the Marietta Magazine; July Nos. of Yale and Harvard Magazine; June Nos. of the Ohio Journal of Education and the Ciceronian.